

PLANE CRAZY - a 10 MINUTE PLAY by Kathy Petrakis

Play may be performed without royalty with consent from writer.

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CAST

ALEX - Alcoholic - middle-aged with hat, a bit rough around the edges but polite

MOHAMMED - Middle-Eastern guy that's scared of flying

STEWARDESS – self-absorbed, sarcastic, young, pretty

BRUCE - American Police officer who thinks he's Bruce Willis

MRS. UPPITY - Hysterical rich woman who is insulted at flying economy

TODD- bratty child of MRS UPPITY – adult acting as child.

PILOT - casual, nonchalant –male any age. (*not visible to passengers on plane but on separate part of stage. Voice is heard by passengers.*)

Scene: *Economy class of a plane. ALEX draped casually in front row,*

BRUCE standing in aisle with swagger, flashing his badge.

MOHAMMED sitting behind ALEX, clutching blanket and rocking back and forward.

Young STEWARDESS standing at door to greet people.

Enter MRS UPPITY and son TODD.

STEWARDESS: Mrs. Uppity, welcome. Shall I show you and your son to your seat?

MRS. UPPITY: Of course. Even.....*Economy...* must have some level of service.

STEWARDESS: Of course ma'am. (*through clenched teeth, shows her to her seat in front row, opposite*

ALEX) And what a pleasure it will be to serve you.

MRS. UPPITY: No seats in business or first class. Ridiculous!

STEWARDESS: I know crazy, hey, especially at such a quiet a time as Christmas!

MRS. UPPITY: There better not be anyone else sitting in our row.

STEWARDESS: That would be uncomfortable... for them.

Kid throws himself on seats and tries to jump on them. Fiddles with all the switches.

TODD: I'm hungry!

STEWARDESS: Our food service will start shortly after take-off.

TODD: But I want it now!

MRS. UPPITY: Isn't there anything you can do? Surely, you can see he is growing boy.

STEWARDESS: Hard to miss really. But I'm sure he can last just a few more minutes. Thank you so much for your cooperation.

TODD starts whining.

MRS. UPPITY: *(sighs)* Alright, alright, take the iPad.

TODD: Gimme, gimme

He snatches and is quickly playing games.

ALEX: Ma'am *(he lifts hat off to MRS. UPPITY and she is flattered)*

Stewardess moves down the aisle and speaks to MOHAMMED.

STEWARDESS: Can I take this for you? *(tries to take blanket from him)*

MOHAMMED: No! It's mine!

STEWARDESS: Okay then. Suit yourself.

BRUCE and STEWARDESS look at each other. BRUCE sits next to Mohammed.

BRUCE: You alright there, son? You seem..nervous.

MOHAMMED nods empathically.

MOHAMMED: Planes crash. People die.

MRS. UPPITY: *(to Alex about Mohammed)* Oh really! Amateur.

(To Mohammed) Have you never flown before?

TODD makes crashing noises with mouth

BRUCE: Do you have any reason to think this plane will crash?

MOHAMMED gets more nervous and sits in seat, strapping his seatbelt on and shaking.

STEWARDESS looks up at BRUCE and closes the exit door.

PILOT: This is it folks. Strap yourselves in. We're on our way to..to...um..a new city! (*fumbles through papers...*)

(Stewardess is about to sit in take-off seat)

ALEX: I say there, may I have drink before take-off?

STEWARDESS: I'm sorry sir. I know you must be...thirsty... but so that I stay alive to serve you for the next 14 long hours, it will need to wait a few minutes.

(he pulls out a bottle from his jacket instead)

MOHAMMED lets out loud groan and puts on his life jacket.

MRS. UPPITY: I want to get off this plane now!

Hear plane noise as it takes off and MRS. UPPITY still shouting. She starts to look panicked, watching MOHAMMED. ALEX takes another sip. BRUCE reaches out to MRS UPPITY and flashes badge.

BRUCE: I'm Bruce - a renegade cop. I'll look out for you.

TODD: Yippekaey.

MRS. UPPITY: Oh good lord. Why am I in economy? You'd never need security in first class.

PILOT: Ah, here we are. Welcome everyone to flight 666 nonstop from Sydney to, to ..Los Angeles! Yes, Los Angeles. Take a nap, have a drink, sit back and relax - I sure am!
(laughs).

ALEX: I'll have a drink

STEWARDESS: Me too!. Maybe I can get you something to drink, Ma'am. Vodka perhaps?

MRS. UPPITY: No self-respecting lady drinks in the middle of the day!

ALEX: It's night somewhere!

MRS. UPPITY: A cup of tea will be lovely though. Chamomile perhaps, to calm my nerves?

(STEWARDESS brings out drinks cart which has several bottles of alcohol as well as tea)

ALEX: *(chuckling)* Bit of vodka will do a better job.

TODD: Coke. I want Coke. *(Gives him coke)*

STEWARDESS: Sir? Mohammed? Can I get you a drink?

MOHAMMED is clutching life jacket now and shakes his head.

This is a perfectly safe flight sir. There is no need for a life jacket.

She tries to take it off him but he gets aggressive.

BRUCE: Hi Mohammed. I'm Bruce. We're gonna have a nice chat.

Mohammed nervously shakes hand.

MRS. UPPITY: Unbelievable. Now men are dating on board.

ALEX: Maybe whisky is the thing for him.

BRUCE: Everything is alright ma'am. Me and Mohammed here are friends.

MOHAMMED: We are?

BRUCE: I'm a good guy, a cop. I only want to help you.

MOHAMMED: You're a cop?

*Hear a **loud explosive sound**. MOHAMMED yells and starts praying, rocking*

BRUCE: What was that?

TODD: *(looks out the window)* Fire, fire! I think the plane's on fire! *(Goes back to game)*

ALEX: Might as well go down with a bang.

MRS. UPPITY: Oh dear Lord. It's got to be a bomb. We're going to die.

Turbulence begins and they all start looking at each other. TODD is madly playing his digital game.

ALEX is taking the bottles from the cart. BRUCE goes to calm MOHAMMED down but MOHAMMED doesn't like his touch.

PILOT: Dear Ladies and Gentlemen. You may have noticed some turbulence on the plane. It's all good – a few bumps in the road. Nothing to worry about.

STEWARDESS: *(slightly hysterical)* Stay calm.

MOHAMMED: Allah, save us please.

BRUCE grips MOHAMMED's

BRUCE: Do you know if there is a bomb on this plane?

MOHAMMED: *(sobbing)* There's a bomb, there's a bomb. Allah!

Everyone gasps.

MRS. UPPITY: We're going to die! Todd, dear you hear that?

He keeps playing his video game.

BRUCE: Tell us about it. It's not too late.

Another loud noise and turbulence again.

PILOT: Oh damn! (*Cuts out*) Oops, there seems to be a problem (*fuzzy noise then gets cut off as he looks for his cigar and spills liquid on sound system.*)

MOHAMMED starts rocking.

MOHAMMED: I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

BRUCE: Where is it? I can stop this before we all die.

TODD: Bruce Willis blows things up.

ALEX: Only in the movies son.

MRS. UPPITY: This cannot be. I can't die in economy class. I'll never live it down. *Starts hyperventilating.*

BRUCE starts roughing MOHAMMED up.

BRUCE: Tell us what you know man.

MOHAMMED: Don't hurt me please. I was weak, I know. But it looked so beautiful in my hands.

ALEX stands and starts pouring drinks for everyone. Turbulence still going

ALEX: Might as well go down happy.

STEWARDESS, MRS UPPITY and BRUCE all take a drink.

BRUCE: Beautiful? You disgust me!

MOHAMMED: Please don't kill me, I'm sorry. You can have it back.

BRUCE: How?

MOHAMMED: It's here (*indicates pocket*)

(All gasp)

MRS. UPPITY: How could you do this?

MOHAMMED: I've never done this before, I swear.

ALEX: It's not like you get many chances.

BRUCE: There's still hope.

MOHAMMED: Oh no, it's too late, I'm going to die. This is my punishment.

Turbulence gets worse and feel sudden jolt downwards Screaming happens as people look for oxygen masks. STEWARDESS grabs life jacket.

MRS. UPPITY: Excuse me but could we please have our safety equipment first?

STEWARDESS: Sink or swim lady. If you listened to the safety instructions for once, you'd know there was one under your seat.

MRS. UPPITY: For God's sake, how will I get it out of there?

ALEX: Have another drink ma'am.

MRS. UPPITY: (*hesitates and takes shot and then two, fanning herself at the same time.*) I demand you get my life jacket and oxygen mask immediately.

BRUCE: So what does it look like?

MOHAMMED: Lovely. It sparkles red – about ten little ones all in a circle.

BRUCE: Give it to me.

MOHAMMED: No! No! It's mine!

He starts running around plane again and BRUCE starts chasing him.

TODD is filming when another loud explosion is heard.

STEWARDESS has parachute on and is ready to get out of plane.

MRS. UPPITY: Excuse me. Where did you get that parachute from?

STEWARDESS: From the emergency pack.

ALEX: Aren't you the sneaky one?

BRUCE: I'll get this plane down safely, don't worry!

MOHAMMED: I'm sorry for stealing. I'm sorry. I don't want to die.

MRS. UPPITY: Step away from that door at once young lady.

She starts wrestling with STEWARDESS.

ALEX: I say young man. How about that drink?

TODD nods enthusiastically as ALEX pours him a drink and they clink glasses. STEWARDESS is fighting to open the door and MRS. UPPITY comes back and pulls her off.

MRS. UPPITY: You'll kill us all if you open that door fool.

STEWARDESS: I can't die. I'm too young and pretty. I can't die.

ALEX: So Todd, what are you going to regret not doing?

TODD: Seeing real boobs

ALEX: Ah yes, a great moment in any young man's life. *(Pause)* What are you filming there?

TODD: Everyone.

ALEX waves to camera.

ALEX: Hello viewers. I'm Alex Tyler. My final words: Don't waste a drop. *(lifts his glass)*

TODD: You think when we crash parts of our bodies will go everywhere?

ALEX: Probably.

TODD: Cool!

(Bruce cuffs Mohammed)

MOHAMMED: Have mercy.

BRUCE: Just give me the bomb and it will all be over.

MOHAMMED: A bomb? What bomb? I don't have a bomb. Are you crazy?

BRUCE: What the hell is in your pocket then?

MOHAMMED: A ruby necklace – so pretty. I stole it from my great aunt.

BRUCE: A fucken necklace?

MOHAMMED: You thought I was....*(tsk tsk)*. Shame on you.

STEWARDESS stops.

STEWARDESS: There's no bomb?

MOHAMMED: What? You think I carry one in my pocket?

MRS. UPPITY: Are we still going to die?

ALEX: One way or another.

BRUCE: *(to Mohammed)* Why are you acting so crazy?

MOHAMMED: *I'm acting crazy? I'm just scared of flying. You say there's a bomb and then you chase me round the plane and try get in my pants. You the crazy one!*

MRS. UPPITY: Oh my, oh my, I don't think my heart can take much more of this *(goes to seat)*.

ALEX: Here, have another drink.

MRS. UPPITY: *(flirty)* Oh thank you kind sir.

Everyone stares at the STEWARDESS.

STEWARDESS: *(pointing at BRUCE)* He said there was a terrorist on board.

BRUCE: No no, I've said I've made ten arrests abroad.

MRS. UPPITY: So why is everyone so hysterical?

BRUCE: Sorry man (*pats MOHAMMED on the back*)

MOHAMMED: Too many movies.

MOHAMMED clutches blanket and sits back in seat.

PILOT: I'm back! Sorry about that. Bit of technical difficulty. The entertainment unit is back on and the food service will begin shortly.

ALEX: We got our own entertainment down here!

Everyone relaxes and hear another explosion from TODD's computer game as he shouts victory!

ALEX: Oh dear, I think we found our explosion.

MRS. UPPITY: Todd, I swear when we land, I'm going to get the butler to smack you silly.

TODD: What did I do? I was playing War Games on the ipad and then all of you start acting crazy. But you were all so funny. I'm going to post this on youtube.

STEWARDESS: Don't you dare!

BRUCE: I say now young man.

All talking at the boy. ALEX is laughing. STEWARDESS helps herself to a drink and sits in chair exhausted.

PILOT: Oh no, oh no, (*Plane starts dipping again and he is looking panicked, unable to control it*) Take your seats, there seems to be...oh my God!.....I think....

Lights go out.